

Fatin points to the coffee table for permission. DeVaughn shakes his head no. Fatin isn't so sure this time.

FATIN
I don't know DeVaughn the table looks pretty uncomfortable.

DEVAUGHN
Nah we gud, James be doing yogi son. Feel me.

FATIN
Yogi. Got it.

JAMES bust through the door aware that she's late and DeVaughn just make have acted a fucking fool. He did.

START →

JAMES
I am so sorry! I was arguing with the leasing lade about, whatever. Hey Fatin - looks like you found the place just fine.

DEVAUGHN
Why you ain't tell me...you had a nigga moving up in here wit us.

JAMES
DeVaughn! I told you, my boy the line chef will be crashing here until everything is worked out with Moon and the investors.

DEVAUGHN
You ain't tell me...he was a nigga - wearing skirts n' shit. Say son, why you wearing skirts n' shit?

FATIN
(Sarcastically)
It's all I could afford.

DEVAUGHN
And dis nigga ain't got no bread. Get yo weight up son. Feel me. Get yo weight up. Yo, straight up - I know ya'll fucking.

JAMES
What?

Fatin is stunned. James is not.

DEVAUGHN

Trying to replace me n' shit. I know what it is feel me. Ain't nobody bout to replace me. You know why? I replace my muthafucking self.

He's getting belligerent for no reason and the more they aren't responding the more he acts a damn fool.

DEVAUGHN (CONT'D)

Man, I'm out dis muthafucka. Where my shit?

JAMES

(Under her breath)
You didn't bring anything over here.

DEVAUGHN

I kno! It's at my other bitch house. Let me get up outta here.

He goes to the door but has more to say.

DEVAUGHN (CONT'D)

Now, ya'll can gone and be together. You know what I saying. Just fuck as much as ya'll wanna fuck. Feel me.

He goes to the door again but has more to say.

DEVAUGHN (CONT'D)

(Incoherent)
Ain't fucking. Life be the illest. Man fuck ya'll - I ain't never coming back up in here.

He goes to the door and wants to say more, but can't think of anything else to say. He looks back disgusted. He leaves.

James and Fatin look at each other for a brief moment. James cracks a smile and they fall all over themselves laughing at the ignorance. James tries to shhhh Fatin as they laugh.

~~INT. THE SUMMER HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY~~

~~Moon sits on the edge of the couch looking out the window. June walks up and hands him a cup of tea.~~

~~MOON~~

~~Thank you. (Sips) It's perfect.~~

CONTINUE

INT. THE SOUL SPOT - DAY

Fatin and James have just finished lunch and a hearty laugh.

JAMES
Stop it.

FATIN
(Mocking her Brooklyn
accent)
De-VAUGHN!

JAMES
(Laughing)

FATIN
De-VAAAAAUGHN!!! Wait, this is not -
hold up, is this the same cat you
was complaining about in Naples?

JAMES
Yes.

FATIN
Wait, you been dealing with this
shit since we was in Italy?

James sighs.

FATIN (CONT'D)
Wow.

JAMES
Since I was sixteen.

FATIN
Fuck. Why?

JAMES
Why do any of us do what we do?

FATIN
True. Damn though, that's a long
time to be rocking with a cat that
don't love or respect you. At least
not in the way you should be.

JAMES
That fool ain't shit.

FATIN
Neither are you. Cause you're the
one allowing him to treat you that
way.

END →

INT. THE SUMMER HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

June and Keeland sit in the living room playing cards to
return some sense of normalcy. They hear the front door
opening.

JUNE
She'll be fine. Remain open and
relaxed.